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The Literary Week.

MISS MARTINEAU requests that recipients of letters written by the late Dr. Martineau will be so good as to send them to her at 35, Gordon-square. The letters are for use by his biographers at their discretion, and will, of course, be returned.

NEXT Tuesday is Dr. Ibsen's seventy-second birthday. The day will be signalled in this country by the publication of the English translation of his new play, "When the Dead Awaken."

REVIEWING *David Harum* in the *North American Review*, Mrs. Craigie points out that in capturing the hearts of all classes of Americans this novel has done what is hardly possible to an English novel acting on the English public. The best novel that could be written here would leave vast portions of the nation untouched. Mrs. Craigie suggests that Newman's hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and *David Copperfield* "most nearly accomplished a feat which has now become impossible to other English literary powers of the first rank."

MR. KIPLING has nearly completed a long story, the scene of which is laid in India. The opening chapter will be published in *McClure's Magazine* towards the end of this year.

It is often hinted that Tommy Atkins does not know his Kipling as Mr. Kipling knows Tommy. But a Highlander in Roodebosch Hospital was able to tell Mr. Kipling that he knew by heart several of the *Barrack Room Ballads* and also several pieces in the *Seven Seas*. Poet and reader were mightily pleased with each other, and the wounded hero writes thus to his friends:

How often have I read and admired Kipling without ever a thought of seeing him, let alone my having such a long talk with him. I recognised him at once from his photo. He has eyes that make you smile when you look into them. His utterance is very rapid and very distinct, and struck me as being decidedly Scotch. I wish he had stayed longer; I could have talked with him all day. I believe he is gathering material for his book.

We believe so too.

"THE ROMAN," Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, with a new series of "Dolly Dialogues" by Mr. Anthony Hope, will be the features of *The New Magazine*, an American venture, the first number of which will be issued on June 1st. Mr. R. H. Russell, who is described as "the American Harmsworth," will be the editor and publisher. Mr. W. R. Hearst will be a large shareholder in *The New Magazine*, and we understand that the resources of the *New York Journal* will be placed at the disposal of the magazine.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL must have been amused to see how seriously his suggestion has been taken that the sunny side of Gower-street should be utilised as a site for

a home for decaying authors. One of the commentators has gone so far as to assert that Gower-street has no sunny side. Still, there are many struggling writers to whom a superior kind of Rowton House, in a good neighbourhood, would be a boon.

THE *Topeka Capital*, the religious paper which Mr. Sheldon is editing for one week "as Jesus would," is a huge success, but clergymen think that the newspaper is irreverent, and rival journalists say it is a ponderous tract.

FROM the *Bazaar*, *Exchange*, and *Mart*:

Wanted, novels, cheap; or exchange new underclothing, dressing jacket.

Fiction's your only wear nowadays.

MR. J. T. BEDFORD, who died the other day at the age of eighty-seven, was our old friend "Robert," the shrewd and witty "waiter" of *Punch*.

MR. W. T. MAUD, the Special Correspondent of the *Graphic*, who was with Mr. G. W. Stevens through the two campaigns in the Soudan, and who shared with him a house in Ladysmith, has sent to Mrs. Stevens an account of her husband's last hours, from which we are permitted to make an extract. The letter is dated Ladysmith, January 18th, three days after Mr. Stevens's death. After explaining that they all thought the danger was past, his temperature having again become normal, Mr. Maud says: "On Friday, January 12th, his temperature suddenly rose, and hemorrhage set in." Three days later a consultation was held.

They told me there was no hope, though they did everything that was possible to save him. When they had gone, I returned to the sick-room, sent out the two nurses, and together we passed through the great ordeal. I said: "The Doctors think you are very ill. I will cable home, do you wish to send a message?" "Yes, write it out and read it to me for my approval," he replied. I wrote: "Stevens dangerously ill." "Do you mean that I am dying?" he asked. "They think it very serious," I answered, for I was afraid. Again, "Am I dying?" "Yes!" "Soon?" "Soon!" He was looking straight into my eyes. He never flinched. There was no trace of fear in that brave heart. Death had no terrors for him. He dictated the message which I sent to you. . . . After that he turned towards me, saying: "Well, this is a sideways ending to it all—let us have a drink." "Right, old boy, I will open a fresh bottle of champagne," and I did so. "But you are not drinking," he said. I made some excuse. All the morning we had been giving him teaspoonfuls of it every ten minutes, also brandy and milk. About one o'clock he commenced to rally, and took nourishment so freely that my hopes bounded up again. I left him in the charge of both nurses, and lay down to sleep. They called me an hour later, and I saw at a glance that the end was near. . . . He imagined himself back at Merton Abbey. Dr. Davies was present all the time, but there was nothing more to be done. He was asleep, breathing quite quietly and regularly. At 4.30 in the afternoon he passed away peacefully—so peacefully. There is nothing more to tell—save this, that all through his illness he was so patient, and he fought splendidly against it to the very end.

MR. HERBERT MORRAH, the editor of the *Literary Year Book*, writes to us:

Your reviewer suggests that the directory of authors should be omitted from the *Literary Year Book*. I am afraid that this would cause great discontent, and that I am more likely to please people by making it complete. But it is the counter-suggestion which puzzles me. I think it is a good one. Only it involves the old difficulty of criticism. How I am to give the plots of "the best novels" without making invidious distinctions is the question. And why novels more than other books? I hope your reviewer will find time to amplify his suggestions to me.

We do not doubt that the omission of the directory of authors would cause discontent among small literary fry. But Mr. Morrah may as well abandon all other features if he intends to make his list of authors complete, for their names would fill the book. What we wish to see in the *Literary Year Book* is more really useful information. We see no difficulty in giving the plots and characters of the best novels. Criticism would not come in at all. In these days of all-prevalent fiction it would be very useful to be able to recapture, at a glance, the background, local colour, principal characters, plot, and avowed moral (if any) of a last year's novel. The system might also be applied to the best biographies, histories, essays, &c., of the year—selecting the books likely to be consulted. Done well, this annual *précis* of the year's best books would be most useful.

MR. EDWARD MARKHAM, author of "The Man with the Hoe," that not very remarkable poem which has achieved in America a popularity second only to *David Harum*, has composed a new poem, from which we quote some strong lines. Called "Lincoln, the Great Commoner," it was read by the author at the Republican Club dinner in New York:

The colour of the ground was in him, the red Earth,
The tang and odour of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

ANOTHER light-hearted venture in magazinedom. It is called *International Art Notes*, and in shape is so long and narrow that we admire the self-control which at last put a limit to its attenuation. Primarily *International Art Notes* is the organ of a little band of women artists who have received their art education in Paris and have formed themselves into the "Paris Club." The "Paris Club" was opening an exhibition of its works at the Grafton Gallery, when it suddenly occurred to someone: If an exhibition, why not a magazine? So "the type was chosen, the shape of the publication decided upon, and the printers did the rest within ten days. . . . It rests with the Art public to say whether it shall rise or fall." It does—it always does.

THE *Memories and Impressions* just put forth by the Hon. George Charles Brodrick, Warden of Merton College, contrast favourably, by their modesty and seriousness, with the general run of books of reminiscences. Mr. Brodrick was for many years a leader-writer for the *Times*, and his memories of that newspaper, and of Mr. Delane, are decidedly interesting. In all, he contributed about 1,600 leading articles to the *Times*. He wrote the leader on the Tichborne Case, and this cost him "the

greatest effort in concentration" that he ever attempted. Mr. Brodrick has some interesting remarks on that power of improvising which every journalist must acquire. The death of Cavour took the *Times* office by surprise, and Delane urgently begged Mr. Brodrick to write an obituary article. This was at about three in the afternoon, and, says Mr. Brodrick:

Few writers could have been less qualified to execute such a task, for I was very ill informed about Italian politics, and did not fully share the admiration of Cavour felt by many of my friends. Moreover, of the only two biographical records which I could procure (after considerable delay), one was in Italian, which I did not understand, the other being in French, and both ended before the most remarkable part of his career began. Meanwhile, I was ransacking my own memory and some other scanty materials which I possessed. Everyone has more in his mind on any given subject than he can realise, until he comes to rally it under high pressure. So it proved in this case. About five o'clock I made a start, and though I had to dine out, I escaped speedily from the dining-room, and completed two columns and a half by one or two o'clock in the morning. I have reason to believe that my hasty composition not only passed muster with the general public, but was approved by persons familiar with Italian history, one of whom afterwards assured me that, while he noticed some omissions, he could find no material errors in it. What amuses me now, in reading it over, is the suggestion of reserved knowledge which pervades it, whereas all my goods were really exposed in the shop window.

THE Vale Press artists think that "no edition of Shakespeare's Plays at present exists that is notable as a finely-printed book on paper whose permanence is undoubted." So the Vale Press is going to issue its own Shakespeare, printed in a new "Avon" fount of small pica type, and adorned with borders and half-borders by Mr. Rickett. Each play will be issued in a demy 8vo volume, and separate schemes of internal decoration have been arranged for the Tragedies, Comedies, and Histories. Good! The world will soon have its well-printed, enduring edition of Shakespeare. Scholars, book-lovers, critics—rise, welcome it in your myriads! Stay—what is this? "Only 310 sets of the Vale Shakespeare will be printed, of which 100 sets are for sale in the United States of America and 187 sets in Great Britain. . . . The whole of the English edition of the Vale Shakespeare has been taken up by collectors and the trade." *Vale!*

UNFORTUNATELY these special editions are always exploited by speculators, and those who have never before made a penny out of books succumb to the temptation. Only last week a gentleman having bought his right to a copy of the edition at 16s. a volume, transferred the right the next day, at a profit of 5s. a volume. The publication of the edition would have begun last year had it not been for the fire at Messrs. Ballantyne's, which destroyed the type and the sheets of the first two volumes.

THE author of "Father O'Flynn" has four spirited verses in the *Spectator* in the metre of "The Wearin' o' the Green." We quote the last two:

A heart of fire has Lancashire for fightin' inch by inch,
But the Irish, though they started last, were first into the
trinch;
They took the front, they bore the brunt, o'er kopje and
ravine,
On Pieter's Hill Majuba's ill they righted for their Queen.

And so upon St. Patrick's day the Queen herself has said
Each Irish regiment shall wear the Green above the Red;
And she is comin' o'er to us (who away so long has been),
And dear knows but into Dublin she'll come wearin' of the
Green!

It will be interesting to see how the critics deal with "Wynton Eversley's" novel, *The Dean of Darrendale*. Staring them in the face is the following modest notice:

As the Author's name happens to be that of a novelist of world-wide reputation, he sets aside his conviction that an Author should sign his work with his own name, and adopts the *nom de plume* of

WYNTON EVERSLEY.

Following this, and deepening the awe or the caution of the reader, is the following comprehensive dedication:

To all in perplexity, doubt, or sorrow, especially to the heart of Youth oppressed by the inequalities of life, the strenuous yearning after Truth, the sense, above all, of failure in noble effort, and the anguish of forbidden love; to the student, the wife, the priest, the operative, the social enthusiast, to all human elements in this confused epoch, I dedicate this book; not, indeed, flattering myself that it can solve problems, or by any magic anticipate God's appointed angel Time; but believing it to hold in solution the more necessary qualities of endurance, serenity, and hope.

THE growth and slow solidification of tit-bit literature is worth watching. Rusks are succeeding to pap, and year by year the readers who have been educated by the Board schools are being tempted with more solid fare. Mr. Newnes, who founded *Tit-Bits*, soon saw the possibility of developing the more instructive pages of that journal, and he produced his scientific "story" series. Everywhere the public is now offered compressed and carefully flavoured knowledge. Mr. Dent who has flooded the country with classics which thousands have bought for their dainty exteriors has now turned his attention to science and general knowledge; witness the first two *Temple Cyclopædic Primers*. Here, in 137 pages, we have an *Introduction to Science*, and in 160 pages a *Roman History*. A great many other volumes, as dainty in dress and as informing in substance, are promised.

LITERATURE as she is organised. The *American Bookman* says:

Since Mr. Richard Harding Davis's recent marriage there have been signs that his attractiveness as a literary idol for the *matinée* girl is on the wane. His photographs are no longer so eagerly sought and so lovingly cherished, and there is only wanting the right sort of young man who will write the right sort of books with the right sort of *insouciant* hero and the right sort of stately heroine—and then will come the cry, "*Le roi est mort: vive le roi!*"

MR. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has an entertaining article in the *American Bookman* on the mistakes made by English novelists in dealing with foreign life. Mr. Le Queux says he knows of no novel which describes the play at Monte Carlo correctly.

The novelist's rules of roulette—generally miscalled *rouge et noir*—are hopelessly wrong. The interesting character in fiction who goes to Monte Carlo never fails to play with higher stakes than the Administration permits, and always wins utterly impossible sums. Never once, to my knowledge, has a writer of romance been able to wholly avoid the many pitfalls in describing the easy, yet extremely involved, game of roulette; and as for *trente-et-quarante*, few novelists have ever been bold enough to refer to it. Monte Carlo sounds reckless, and therefore a scene there always "grips," even if written by one who has never presented his card at the bureau.

Similarly Russia is a sufferer, and Mr. Le Queux suggests a new light in which the obstructive tactics of the Russian censors may be usefully regarded by English authors:

The descriptions of Russian revolutionists and Russian police—always called the Third Section—are invariably ridiculous. Why the police should be called the Third Section is another unsolved mystery. I once lent one of the most popular and thrilling Russian novels—one that

had sold in England and America by tens of thousands—to a very prominent Russian writer and critic who had spent fifteen years in Siberia on account of his revolutionary writings. He returned it gravely, saying: "There is not a single sound fact in it from cover to cover! Such a book does the cause of Russian Freedom more harm than good. I don't wonder at the Press Bureau prohibiting such rubbish from entering Russia!" And this was a work at that moment on everyone's tongue in England—a real serious work which made its author's reputation, and brought him instantly to the front, and about which clergymen preached, taking the facts as genuine!

Lastly, Mr. Le Queux declares that of recent years, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. Marion Crawford and Mr. Max Pemberton—he does not except Ouida—not a single author has written a novel about Italy without going to pieces. The use of "Si" for "Yes" is universal in English writers, instead of "Ja," which is the usual "Yes" of Italians.

IN an article on Mr. Ruskin in the *March Studio*, Mr. E. T. Cook suggests that Ruskin suffers as an art critic from two causes—forgetfulness and misunderstanding. The forgetfulness of what Mr. Ruskin wrote fifty years ago blinds people, for instance, to the fact that the present admiration of Velasquez is in no way in advance of what Ruskin wrote half a century ago, when he pronounced him "the greatest artist of Spain," and "one of the greatest artists of the world," a master of "consummate ease" who was "never wrong." Again, the emphasis with which Ruskin enforced the claims of artists who were not fully appreciated when he wrote has been attacked when the need for that emphasis has passed away, and has been treated apart from its context. In urging the claims of Turner Ruskin seemed to disparage Claude; but to say that Ruskin was blind to the merits of Claude is wrong. Such, in brief, is Mr. Cook's argument.

THE weakness of most of the war verse which has been poured of late into the newspapers is perhaps due to the fact that our poets have been content to sit at home and be inspired by censored telegrams. Not thus were the great war poems written, as Mr. Austin M. Steevens, who writes on "The Warrior Bard: Ancient and Modern," in the *Westminster Review*, is careful to show. In ancient Greece poets made their pens mighty by acknowledging their swords mightier and unsheathing the latter. Scott's minstrel boy had the root of the matter in him:

Land of song! cries the warrior-bard,
Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee.

The author of "Chevy Chase" fought with those whose deeds he proclaimed, and hence Sir Philip Sidney could say that this ballad, although "sung by some blinde crowder," stirred his heart "more than a trumpet." And in the grand old Border ballad of "Kinmont Willie" it is no stay-at-home poet who stirs our blood:

Wi' coulters and wi' forehammers
We garred the bars gang merrilie.

Mr. Steevens says: "It is significant that the poet says *we*, not *they*; in this simple fact lies all the difference between the old Warrior Bard and the new." The contention is fair at the present moment; but, as a matter of fact, much fine war poetry has been written by poets who never took the sword.

IN the *March Fortnightly Review* Fiona Macleod begins to write in her own characteristic way of Iona. Dr. Johnson's famous rolling passage about the island is in no way recalled—except in contrast—by Fiona Macleod's

more searching and flexible sentences, from which we are tempted to quote.

It is but a small isle, fashioned of a little sand, a few grasses salt with the spray of an ever-restless wave, a few rocks that wade in heather and upon whose brows the sea-wind weaves the yellow lichen. But since the remotest days sacrosanct men have bowed here in worship. In this little island a lamp was lit whose flame lighted pagan Europe, from the Saxon in his fens to the swarthy folk who came by Greek waters to trade the Orient. Here Learning and Faith had their tranquil home, when the shadow of the sword lay upon all lands, from Syracuse by the Tyrrhene Sea to the rainy isles of Orca. From age to age lowly hearts have never ceased to bring their burthen here. Iona herself has given us for remembrance a Fount of Youth more wonderful than that which lies under her own boulders of Dùn-I. And here Hope waits. To tell the story of Iona is to go back to God, and to end in God.

THE sudden making of the war-expert is one of the many curious literary accompaniments of the Boer War. Mr. Dooley has naturally looked the war expert up and down, and this is his account of that amazing person:

"A war expert," said Mr. Dooley, "is a man ye niver heerd iv before. If ye can think iv anny wan whose face is unfamiliar to ye, an' ye don't raymimber his name, an' he's got a job on a pa-aper ye didn't know was published, he's a war expert. 'Tis a har-rd office to fill. Whin a war begins th' temptation is sthrong f'r ivry man to grab hold iv a gun an' go to th' fr-ront. But th' war expert has to subjoos his cravin' f'r blood. He says to himsilf, 'Lave others seek th' luxuries iv life in camp,' he says. 'F'r thim th' boat-races acrost th' Tugela, th' romp over th' kopje, an' th' game of laager, laager, who's got th' laager?' he says. 'I will stand by me country, he says, 'close,' he says. 'If it falls,' he says, 'it will fall on me,' he says. An' he buys himsilf a map made be a fortune-teller in a dhream, a box iv pencils, an' a field-glass, an' goes an' looks f'r a job as a war expert. Says th' editor iv th' paper: 'I don't know ye. Ye must be a war expert,' he says. 'I am,' says th' la-ad."

Bibliographical.

It is to be hoped that the representations of "Hamlet" in its entirety" which Mr. Benson has been giving at the Lyceum have sent playgoers generally to the actual text of the play as Shakespeare finally left it. It is astonishing how ignorant the ordinary theatre-goer is of the said text. He has never heard it in the playhouse (till now) "in its entirety," and great have been the surprises for him. Mr. Forbes Robertson brought Fortinbras on at the end of his "Hamlet" revival at the Lyceum; but even he shrank, apparently, from conceding to the warrior his earlier place in the play. For the most part, Shakespeare, as English men and women know him, is the Shakespeare of the "boards." All the more reason that the critical press should keep a stern eye upon the Shakespearean revivalist, and insist upon no tricks being played upon the Bard. "Cutting" there must be, in most cases; but the public should always be advised to turn to the play as printed.

The notion of issuing a selection from Archbishop Trench's verse, under the title of *In Time of War*, is good and timely. That the worthy prelate was genuinely a patriot he showed by many a piece of verse, notably by his sonnet on "Gibraltar." But the example thus to be set might well be followed. Why should not Tennyson's publishers make up a little volume of his patriotic verse, which would include, of course, the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," one of the most stirring of British manifestoes? It was really Tennyson who led the way in the modern patriotic movement among the poets. Now, too, seems to be the time for a reissue of Mr. and Miss Wedmore's collection of *Poems of the Love and Pride*

of England, which might be augmented with advantage. At present it contains nothing of Tennyson's, but why should it not comprise such verse (of the kind wanted) as is now out of copyright?

The best of us will make a slip now and then. Last week, in an illustrated paper of some pretensions to literary standing, there was a short story, at the head of which stood the motto:

God's in His Heaven, and all is well.

Now, if this was intended to represent a well-known couplet by Browning, I need not say how far it was from the fact.

"Captain Arthur Haggard (Arthur Amyand)" is the legend on the title-page of Captain Haggard's latest publication. It was in 1894 that the *nom-de-guerre* of "Amyand" was first used, in connexion with the book called *Only a Drummer Boy*; it was used again in the following year on the title-pages of *Comrades in Arms* and *With Rank and File: Sidelights on Soldier Life*. One sees that Captain Haggard has utilised the name of "Amyand" only for his volumes dealing with military matters. His first appearance as an author was made in his own name in 1889, when he put forward *Dodo and I*. His relative, Mr. Rider Haggard, had had five years' start of him as a writer of fiction—*Dawn* and *The Witch's Head* being published in 1884. Captain Haggard threatens to become quite a voluminous author, his publications (of all sorts) numbering nine already.

Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to be reserving what she has to say about Anne Brontë for the reprint of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*, which will appear shortly in the Haworth Edition of the Brontë works. It would be interesting to know what measure of popularity that story at present possesses. It is naturally included in all reproductions of the sisters' fictions—as, for instance, in Messrs. Downey's edition of 1898 and Messrs. Dent's of 1893. But is it much read, or even read at all? Since 1889 it has been published in separate form only once—in 1894, by Mr. R. E. King. This would seem to suggest that the demand for it—by itself—is not particularly great.

The announcement of a new volume of verse from the pen of the Warden of Glenalmond, the Rev. J. H. Skrine, reminds me that Mr. Skrine has been tolerably industrious as a poet. In that character he came out originally in 1892 with a drama called *Columbo*. This was followed in 1895 by the dramatic romance entitled *Joan the Maid*, and this, again, in 1896, by *Songs of the Maid*. Last year he issued *Thirty Hymns for School Singing*, but I have not seen the book. Last year, too, he published a collection of sermons. No wonder Mr. Skrine is a poet: he must find ample inspiration in Glenalmond and its picturesque surroundings.

"Who is Mr. Walkley?" Fancy that—from "The Baron de Book-worms"! I fear that when Mr. Walkley's *Frames of Mind* came out it was carried off by one of the Baron's assistants, and a similar thing must have happened eight years ago, when Mr. Walkley brought out his *Playhouse Impressions*. Truly "A. B. W." has not published much in book form, and ignorance of "Spectator" would have been just pardonable and no more. But Mr. Walkley has written largely over his own name in more than one daily paper, and he has been widely advertised by Mr. William Archer.

So Robert Burns is to be the central figure of a work of fiction called (not too complimentarily to the poet) *The Rhymer*. Burns, if he is permitted to revisit the glimpses of the moon, need not resent being made the hero of a story, for he has already been made the leading personage in a play. It is not so very long ago since a drama, called simply and nakedly "Robert Burns," was enacted on the boards of an Edinburgh theatre, from which, after a week's run, it disappeared into the illimitable inane.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Kipling as Globe-Trotter.

From Sea to Sea. By Rudyard Kipling. 2 vols. (Macmillan. 12s.)

THESE volumes are not uninteresting reading "on their own," as the London idiom has it; and they are valuable as the early fruits of their author's genius. They show Mr. Kipling on those travels without which his later books would have been very different, and they show also rather oddly how very like Mr. Kipling just out of his teens was to many other young men just out of their teens, with a kindred interest in life and letters. "O the little more and how much it is!"—of course; but working back from what Mr. Kipling has since done—from, say, the story of Purun Dass in the second *Jungle Book*, and "Without Benefit of Clergy," and "The Hunting of Kaa," and the "Recessional," and "The Finest Story in the World," and "The Courting of Dinah Shadd"—one is a little surprised by the ordinariness of these descriptions of travel. Except in one or two rare instances—notably the account of "seeing life" in Hong Kong—the book is only a shade better than many another of its kind. Also it is far younger than we knew that Mr. Kipling had ever been, especially when it is remembered that he had written *The Story of the Gadsbys* some half-a-dozen years before he left India on this voyage at all. This, of course, may very likely be due to the fact that Mr. Kipling is here, to some extent, off his guard. Also he was writing letters for a paper, and, being a good journalist, he did not unduly strain matters. Also, he was writing about himself, and that is always a betrayal of an author's age; in dramatic essays it can be hidden. And yet—so many years after *The Story of the Gadsbys*—one is a little amused by the youthful insistence upon jokes in which nakedness is involved, and the record of such scraps of conversation between himself and his fellow-traveller as this:

It rained monsoonishly, and the Professor discovered a castle which he needs must see. "It's Osaha Castle," he said, "and it has been fought over for hundreds of years. Come along."

"I've seen castles in India, Raighur, Jodhpur—all sorts of places. Let's have some more boiled salmon. It's good in this station."

"Pig," said the Professor.

Indeed, there are too many indications that Mr. Kipling, but for the goodness of Providence (of which he is in these pages repeatedly and vocally thankful), was within no great distance of becoming a new humorist.

Perhaps the most interesting thing to do with *From Sea to Sea* is to search for the seeds which afterwards bore fruit. Take, for instance, Hans Breitmann, the orchid hunter, whom we meet in "Bertram and Bimi" and "Reingelder and the German Flag" (in *Life's Handicap*). Mr. Kipling met him on the steamer running down to Penang—"a German orchid-hunter fresh from nearly losing his head in the Lushai hills, who has been over most of the world." The orchid-hunter told him the story of the Bad People of Iquique, which Mr. Kipling straightway narrated for the readers of the *Pioneer*. It is a poor story, not to be compared with "Reingelder" for a moment, and Mr. Kipling proves his instinct for a good telling by serving up the indifferent yarn to his newspaper and saving the others for careful treatment. In the same chapter, which describes a few hours in Burmah—Mr. Kipling's only visit there—we find this passage: "I should better remember what the Pagoda was like had I not fallen deeply and irrevocably in love with a Burmese girl at the foot of the first flight of steps." Surely that moment fathered "Mandalay."

But it is time to look a little at the truer Kipling as he is revealed in these early writings. A glimpse of him may

be had in the account, in "Letters of Marque," of a ramble through Jeypore. After a while the traveller (the narrative is rendered almost unreadable by the author's trick of alluding to himself as "The Englishman"—a mistake corrected into the first person singular in *From Sea to Sea*) strayed into the Maharaja's palace, and while he was idling there

a figure in saffron came out of a dark arch into the sunlight, almost falling into the arms of one in pink. "Where have you come from?" "I have been to see —," the name was unintelligible. "That is a lie; you have not!" Then, across the court, someone laughed a low, croaking laugh. The pink and saffron figures separated as though they had been shot, and disappeared into separate bolt-holes. It was a curious little incident, and might have meant a great deal or just nothing at all.

The ordinary young-man traveller would have missed that, or treated it differently.

Here is a grimly humorous illustration of the inveterate artistry of the Japanese, of their overpowering instinct for a picture:

Long ago a great-hearted king came to Nikko River and looked across at the trees, up-stream at the torrent and the hills whence it came, and down-stream at the softer outlines of the crops and spurs of wooded mountains. "It needs only a dash of colour in the foreground to bring this all together," said he, and he put a little child in a blue and white dressing-gown under the awful trees to judge the effect. Emboldened by his tenderness, an aged beggar ventured to ask for alms. Now it was the ancient privilege of the great to try the temper of their blades upon beggars and such cattle. Mechanically the king swept off the old man's head, for he did not wish to be disturbed. The blood spurted across the granite slabs of the river-ford in a sheet of purest vermillion. The king smiled. Chance had solved the problem for him. "Build a bridge here," he said to the court carpenter, "of just such a colour as that stuff on the stones. Build also a bridge of grey stone close by, for I would not forget the warts of my people." So he gave the little child across the stream a thousand pieces of gold and went his way. He had composed a landscape. As for the blood, they wiped it up and said no more about it; and that is the story of Nikko Bridge. You will not find it in the guide-books.

Mr. Kipling for the most part escaped adventures. The world passed before him as a panorama, and he saw it in comfort. But at San Francisco, in a Chinese gambling den, he was for a moment or so in the midst of peril. A Mexican and a Chinese had a difference:

Mark how purely a man is a creature of instinct. Rarely introduced to the pistol, I saw the Mexican half rise in his chair and at the same instant found myself full length on the floor. None had told me that this was the best attitude when bullets are abroad. I was there prone before I had time to think—dropping as the room was filled with an intolerable clamour like the discharge of a cannon. In those close quarters the pistol report had no room to spread any more than the smoke—then acrid in my nostrils. There was no second shot, but a great silence in which I rose slowly to my knees. The Chinaman was gripping the table with both hands, and staring in front of him at an empty chair. The Mexican had gone, and a little whirl of smoke was floating near the roof. Still gripping the table, the Chinaman said: "Ah!" in the tone that a man would use when, looking up from his work suddenly, he sees a well-known friend in the doorway. Then he coughed and fell over to his own right, and I saw that he had been shot in the stomach.

After San Francisco the book loses interest. One feels that Mr. Kipling, at that period of his life at any rate, was wasted on America, nor was he happy there. He was happy in seeing the Bret Harte country:

There were the pines and madrone-clad hills his miners lived and fought among; there was the heated red earth that showed whence the gold had been washed; the dry gulch, the red, dusty road where Hamblin [Hamlin] was

used to stop the stage in the intervals of his elegant leisure and superior card-play; there was the timber felled and sweating resin in the sunshine; and, above all, there was the quivering pungent heat that Bret Harte drives into your dull brain with the magic of his pen. When we stopped at a collection of packing-cases dignified by the name of a town, my felicity was complete.

And he was happy in meeting Mark Twain; but between the two, the West and the East, he was wretched and bewildered, particularly so at Chicago.

We ought to point out that *From Sea to Sea* has been published in self-defence. Pirates are about, and if any edition is to be circulated there may as well be an authoritative one—that is Mr. Kipling's very reasonable argument. We could wish, however, that the proofs had been rather more carefully read.

At the Bar of History.

Exploratio Evangelica. By Percy Gardner, LL.D. (Black.)

THE interposition of qualified laymen has done much of recent years to give a bent to the speculation and research of divines. To name English writers only, Matthew Arnold, the author of *Ecco Homo*, the author of *Supernatural Christianity*, each in his turn has assisted to vitalise controversy, and to turn theological studies into something more than a *grimoire*. Ecclesiastical dovescotes may once more be fluttered, but the impartial observer can only welcome the appearance in the same field of so critical and trained an historical investigator as the Lincoln Professor of Archaeology at Oxford. Prof. Gardner's competence has already been proved by more than one admirable volume upon the subjects of his chair. He now approaches a cognate theme, in the handling of which those habits of weighing and considering evidence which he has acquired, so to speak, *in corpore vili*, must necessarily stand him in good stead.

The title of the book is borrowed from a once famous treatise of Prof. John Grote's. The sub-title—"A Brief Examination of the Basis and Origin of Christian Belief"—expands and explains it, while the general trend of the conclusions arrived at is given by a quotation from Amiel to which the writer more than once returns. "What an age especially needs," said the French thinker, "is a translation of Christianity from the domain of history to the domain of psychology." Side by side with this dictum, Prof. Gardner puts another by Jowett: "Religion is not dependent on historical events, the report of which we cannot altogether trust. Holiness has its sources elsewhere than in history." These two quotations strike the keynote of the whole essay. Obviously, therefore, it is two-sided. Partly it is negative, or, rather, critical, for it discusses with the merciless logic of history the basis of traditions on which, in the mind of the plain man, Christianity rests: partly it is constructive, or, rather, reconstructive, for it attempts to replace that basis, found untrustworthy, by another in the heart and moral ideals of man. Prof. Gardner, in fact, emulates, on a more concrete plane, the feat of Kant: he excludes theological conceptions from the sphere of Reason as Speculative, to re-admit them in the sphere of Reason as Practical.

The critical section is wedged in between two sections of reconstruction in the actual ordering of the book; logically, perhaps it should come first. In a couple of hundred close-packed, but clear, pages Prof. Gardner gives a most luminous survey of most of the vexed questions of New Testament criticism. He deals successively with the character of the documents and the preconceptions and ideals, literary and doctrinal, with which they were written, the narrated events of the life of Christ, the element of the miraculous in these and the recorded teaching of the Master, the intellectual conditions, Jewish and

Hellenistic, under which the doctrinal ideas of the first centuries took shape. On all these subjects he gives, from the standpoint of an independent and judicial critic, a thorough-going support to the main contentions of the "advanced" writers of the second generation—such men, for example, as Adolph Harnack and Albert Réville. This testimony is all the more important, firstly, because, as we said, it is that of a trained historian; and, secondly, because it is in no sense that of a foe to Christianity. On the contrary, Prof. Gardner writes, "after many shrinkings and hesitations," from a profound conviction that a creed, to which he is sincerely and, we gather, even devotedly attached, can only gain from an honest and thorough-going study of its own foundations. His own conclusions are soberly but uncompromisingly expressed. He is not afraid to face the complete elimination of the miraculous from the Gospel narrative. Miracles, he insists, were bound to be attributed to the Founder of Christianity. They "have been in all ages of the world's history attributed to those who appeared to have a spiritual mission for mankind." The cause of this is "a confusion between the power of men over the souls and bodies of other men and their power over external things." History must draw a sharp distinction between "miracles proper—that is, complete deviations from the course of nature," and phenomena which, though abnormal, are not unparalleled by human agencies acting under scientific observation. Among the latter are included numerous recorded "miracles" which may be roughly classed as faith-healing, and which are not consequently miracles in the sense of acts of superhuman power testifying to the divinity of the agent. Of miracles which, if they happened, would really be miracles, so far as our present knowledge of the laws of nature can be trusted, Prof. Gardner sets aside (a) those recorded only in the Fourth Gospel, and (b) those recorded in the narratives of the infancy. The author of the Fourth Gospel is "a great constructive thinker," but "he regards reported facts as mere material to be accepted or rejected as may suit the necessities of his doctrinal fabric." Similarly, the miracles recorded in the early chapters of the Third Gospel, though "superior in ethical and literary character" to the childish fancies of the apocryphal gospels, are essentially of the same legendary type as these. Certain other miracles in the First and Third Gospels occur in distinctively Petrine passages, and Prof. Gardner suggests that Peter or the exponents of his tradition had "a readiness to accept the miraculous on easy terms." There remain some three or four "miracles properly so called" which perhaps offer the strongest resistance to dissolvent criticism, because they are found in "incomparably our most sober and trustworthy record" of the life of Jesus, the Second Gospel. These are the stilling of a tempest at sea; the walking on the sea to the boat of the disciples; the feeding of multitudes, twice repeated; and the cursing of the fig tree, with its result.

There are various ways in which the miraculous element may be eliminated from each of these stories without any violence of hypothesis. I do not care to attempt any such explanation, because it seems to me that no particular explanation can reach more than a moderate degree of probability. What is quite certain is, that any one of half-a-dozen explanations is more likely to represent the historic fact than an acceptance of the narrative as it stands in a perfectly literal and unimaginative fashion.

Prof. Gardner deals in a similar way with the question of the, for Christianity, infinitely more important miracles of the Incarnation and Resurrection. The "virgin-birth," he declares, is theology and not history. It is "a somewhat crude attempt to explain the nature of the Founder," and "partakes of the materialism which He seems to have constantly rebuked." It can be paralleled from almost every Gentile religion, and is not even accepted by several Christian Churches. Incidentally, Prof. Gardner combats

the renewed attempt of Prof. Ramsay to uphold the historic credibility of the tradition which places the scene of the Nativity at Bethlehem. As for the Resurrection, "the accounts are inconsistent one with another, and intertwined with false scientific views." St. Mary Magdalene was "subject to nervous derangement," and "in a matter of visions her evidence would be of very little value."

This brief analysis of a part of Prof. Gardner's argument is intended to illustrate the extreme nature of the position to which a by no means hostile critic, making use of the ordinary canons of historic evidence, is driven when he once begins seriously to consider the historic basis of Christianity. Naturally these and other of his conclusions will be—have been—impugned, and we trust that he will be led to support his precise and lucid summary of results by an exhaustive statement of the considerations on which they are based. It would be unfair to leave the book without a few words on its constructive chapters, to which we have no doubt that Prof. Gardner attaches even greater importance than to the rest of his book. Only, of course, he is a professed historian, and he is not a professed psychologist, and naturally his views carry most authority when he is on his own ground. Briefly, his position appears to be this: Cut adrift from the tradition, religion finds its basis in the experience of the individual and of the race. The individual is conscious "of sin and its removal, and of the answer to prayer." This leads to the conviction of a "Power within which works for righteousness." History reveals the working of the same Power in the ordering of the world. Myth, legend, prophecy, parable, doctrine, are various ways in which the consciousness tries to represent to itself the activities of this Power. They have no speculative validity, but they have a relative validity, just in so far as they are fitted to survive by their adaptability to the practical needs of man. On this view, our only criticism must be, that it seems to repeat Kant's hard and fast distinction between the speculative and the practical Reason. And in reality Reason is not two, but one. The value of such doctrines as those of the Divinity of Jesus or the Future Life to the Practical Reason itself, depends entirely on their being regarded as speculatively true. Destroy their speculative validity, treat them frankly as dreams, and at once their subjective validity vanishes. Prof. Gardner's psychologic evolution of doctrine was not its historic evolution, in which obviously speculation had a large share; and we do not think he succeeds in showing that the psychology without the history will uphold the superstructure. In any case, he shows no signs of being prepared for the rifle fire of psychologic criticism, which the constructive side of his theory of Christianity will have to face. And we warn him that this will be no less searching than that which he himself has brought to bear upon the historic entrenchments of the past.

After Hamlet.

The Prince. By Adolphus Alfred Jack. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is a tribute to the vitality of the drama that, even under the most depressing circumstances, good wits will attack it. At the present moment few people will read even an excellent play, and no manager will do more than postpone the production of one. Yet there is rarely an ambitious writer who does not, sooner or later, essay the conquest of the medium in which the literary art becomes most nearly creative. Mr. Jack has written *The Prince* upon what we may call orthodox lines. He has no affinities to the symbolism of the Continental and the Irish drama. His precursors are Shakespeare and Browning, in both of whom he has obviously soaked himself. The play is in five acts of blank verse, and has an Italian

setting. To our mind it shows considerable achievement and greater promise, and deserves the careful attention of all serious students of poetry. The interest is, of course, mainly psychological. It arises out of a problem of conduct, one of those problems the very statement of which is a criticism of the scheme of things.

Men must choose

The best of two bad courses. That's the choice;
There is no other in the world of men.

The "Prince" is Francesco, son of the Marquis of Saluzzo. For him the choice falls between the sacrifice of, not kingdom, but kinhood, and the sacrifice of personal love and loyalty to a woman. He is brother to the heir to the throne, and, as a younger son, makes a secret marriage with the daughter of a merchant. Some days after he learns that his brother died a few hours before the marriage; that he was, therefore, himself heir at the time; and that, consequently, his marriage, by the law of the land, was null and void. He is now called upon to take up the serious responsibilities of heirship, and the claims of humanity and the personal life at once clash. He elects for humanity, weds his brother's intended bride, and sacrifices to his calling himself and his girl wife. Mr. Jack does not put it all as baldly as this. There is action and reaction. Francesco makes the juster and more merciful king for his personal experience of suffering and wrong. But this is the framework of the play, and the final judgment—whether he actually chose the best of two bad courses—is left in the equipoise. The handling of the theme, in its statement and evolution, seems to us somewhat unequal. The first two acts do not quite grip. The issues remain a little obscure, are not quite broadly enough put. But you learn, firstly, that Mr. Jack has a real power over blank verse; and, secondly, that he knows how to keep it in proper subordination to dramatic effect. The chief criticism that we should make on the style is that it is, if anything, too much under the domination of one of Shakespeare's manners—the involved, tortuous manner of parts of "Hamlet." There are phrases which startle one by the completeness with which they have caught the trick of it:

The sleep that's now upon him
Was not as welcome. What a cast was there
'Twixt churchyard food and youth.

Or again:

. . . to remember me
Of these ambitious might-be's I forgo,
The weak thoughts of a mind that slips and swings
And starts at what it would.

The rhythm again, in the distribution of its pauses, the cunning variety of its accents, is curiously Shakespearean. But though it is a real achievement to be able to write like "Hamlet," it is perhaps better still to be able to do so and to refrain. The lesser authentic voice is really more than the inspired echo, and Mr. Jack will, we hope, strike out more freely. But, before we pass on, there are some fine passages in these first two acts—not purple patches, for they only stand out above a continuously high level of diction and phrasing—which we must quote. The first is a fragment of dialogue between the father and mother of Francesco:

MARCHIONESS. . . . There's nothing changed,—
Only, our sanguine garment's faded:
Oh, not more sweetly in the morning sang
The morning birds, when all our world was young,
Than sounds their pipe to-day.

MARQUIS. We'll seek them, then,
And in the garden where we found our loves
Dream, while we hear that plain song, Time has stood
In one continuing season.

The second is a bit of soliloquy by the blind Messer Gerardo Lanzetti, father of Francesco's love, Aurea:

LANZETTI. . . . I am so blind—
But then my hearing's rare. You cannot know them,
These frail delights that come to men who are old
And blinded. Music pipes all day. The breeze
Makes music, and the small birds with their wings
Beat a rat-tat for me; the air's alive
With voices and innumerable sounds.
The tree-squirrels hurry through the shaken wood,
I hear it, and I hear the breath of men,
And, when the silence and blank darkness comes,
The whistle of Time's passage.

The third is a fine dramatic movement, and makes us desire to see the play on the stage.

With the third act the dramatic situation gets hold of you. The scenes during which Francesco is deciding on his renunciation are admirable. He sends a letter of explanation to the deserted Aurea, and departs for Montferrat, to woo the Princess Domenica in his brother's place, and to assume the responsibilities of sovereignty there. How he understands those responsibilities, and the sincerity of the motives which led him to ruin his life and Aurea's rather than shirk them, are shown by another good scene, in which he does justice, not as the commoner mind conceives justice, upon two criminals. Meanwhile the letter has failed to reach Aurea. In the dress of a lad—Shakespeare again—she sets off in search of her husband, falls among robbers, and is rescued by the Count of Acqui, who, not knowing her story, falls in love with her.

AUR. You are a gentleman.

COUNT. And you the star,
The single planet burning in the west,
Making the other silver fires of heaven
Show faded as the lady moon, and cold
As all my world without you. Would I speak,
Or could I trust my life on few short words,
I'd say—O hear me!—when you came it seemed
As if the fielded grass was springing flowers,
And there was colour everywhere, sound, scent,
Warmth everywhere; and now I think the earth
Always contained but you, was always rich;
I cannot think what fashion had my thoughts
If it is truth I was without you once,
And wondered at the spiritual life of birds
That are a part of air.

Aurea and the Count reach Montferrat, and the Count, who now knows the story all but the deserting husband's name, puts it to Francesco, in Aurea's presence, whether she is not free to marry him.

We are not careful to enumerate all the defects of Mr. Jack's work. They are there. Not enough is made of the interludes with the dancing girls. Aurea's attitude to the Count of Acqui needs a little development; and so forth. But we can honestly say that few recent books of poetry have interested us so much as Mr. Jack's. He has put fundamental brainwork into it, a sense of style, a real feeling for dramatic expression. And all these things are rarer in literature than could be desired.

South Sea Thrills.

Among the Man-Eaters. By John Gaggin. (Unwin. 2s.)

"To be eaten," says Mr. Gaggin, without emphasis, "is mostly the ultimate fate of many of the hardy white adventurers in the western South Seas; such is the final result if the trader remains long enough. It may be postponed for years, or it may happen at once; but the result is generally certain, sooner or later." Mr. Gaggin went to Fiji in the cotton rush of 1871, and in later years he knocked about the Solomon and other fearsome South Sea paradises as a British Government agent. He appears

to know every beach, custom, and lingo. He has had cannibal acquaintances who recognised him after years of absence, and who remained true to him when they found he was still lean. Again and again the ovens of Fiji or Malicolo or Engela seem to have been heated for Mr. Gaggin's reception, but a stout heart and a ready revolver always brought him through. The superiority of many of these cannibal over non-cannibal races is very marked. Thus the islanders of Savo, the best canoe builders and sailors in the Solomon group, are compared by Mr. Gaggin to the Vikings. They flash over the seas in canoes sixty feet long and eight or ten feet wide, and the best whale boats cannot overtake them. A superb and pitiful scene is thus described by Mr. Gaggin:

While here at Boli harbour one day, the white missionary being absent, a great Savo war canoe, chanting their weird war song, came sweeping round the point under fifty paddles. All the villagers took to the bush at once, but our boat faced the canoe, and halted her. It appears the head chief of Savo had built a new house, and it had no "mana" yet, so it had been sent to Florida for two boys. One fine lad was tied up, covered with leaves, at the bottom of the canoe. The mute agony and entreaty in the poor lad's eyes were more than I could stand, so I offered seven brand-new Tower muskets, one after the other, for the lad, and was refused. I must say I longed to tackle this man-eating canoe. Yet I dare not. I was a Government agent, an official, I was at a missionary town. Even if the missionary was at home, we could not save the boy except by force. A British man-of-war was cruising around. Had I used force to save the lad I would have been arrested in a week, and tried for my life in a month. I hesitated. I suppose the native chief saw his danger from my face and yelled something. The canoe shot off like a great sea bird, my boat could not overtake her; the moment to act had passed. That poor lad's face haunted me for a week.

One day on a Solomon beach a little girl played Friday to Mr. Gaggin—her Crusoe. She ran to him and, before he was well aware of it, placed his foot on her neck:

One knows what this means well enough. In hot war it means that if a chief allows his foot to rest on the defeated one's neck the man's life is safe, but he is a slave for ever, rescue or no rescue. I was puzzled at the child's action. It was soon explained. Shortly afterwards down came a lot of villagers, and insisted on taking the youngster. I told them what she had done. They said they did not care; her mother was being cooked in the town, and the child should go to the ovens with her.

"Never," I said. "What! we who had eaten betel nut together many times to quarrel for a mere child, to whom I had granted life in their own way." I swore they should kill me first. They replied—

"Oh, that was an easy thing to do."

A bold front was the only thing now. Luckily I had my sixteen-shooter. Springing back, and putting a mark on the sand with my foot, I swore I would shoot the first man who crossed it. I said before, the natives do not care to face an armed white in the open. They knew I could answer for a dozen of them or so, and, although clubs were up and bows bent, they hesitated—as well they might; and I knew I had mastered them. Then one proposed I should buy the child fairly: they cared not to fight a friend. To this I at once agreed, and a *mus* was thus avoided, and a mission axe—worth tenpence—made me a slave-owner. Tell it not in Gath.

Treachery is the weapon of cannibals, and it is pleasant to have Mr. Gaggin's assurance that "no natives will face an armed and determined white in the open—even one. This is a rule." Certainly they never faced Mr. Gaggin, whose skill and bravery shine between his lines and make his off-hand yarns more enchainning than a golden style. A group of literary men would be silent in Mr. Gaggin's presence; they would give him strong cigars and bid him talk. A man who has rubbed noses by the half-hour with hideous chiefs on Pacific islands, who has held Christmas revel with cannibals in booming ocean caves,

who has known how near a good ship in a waveless lagoon may be to bloody massacre, may write as he pleases, if he will only write. This is the age of statement. Even our accomplished writers run to statement; they minister to the passion which men are feeling to know how life is lived in mean streets and Indian cantonments, and in the uttermost parts of the ocean. Mr. Gaggin goes on stating in his cool, horny-handed way, and for the time he is king. He says his stories are correct; you believe him. Indeed his stories do not greatly transcend what has been recently written in more sober terms by Capt. Cayley-Webster.

Mr. Gaggin thinks—with other authorities—that cannibalism began in sheer hunger for flesh food, and that the mitigation of the evil arose when Capt. Cooke brought pigs to the Pacific. It is "a South Sea axiom" that if fifty English people were deprived of all meat or fat for a sufficiently long period they would—but it is only a South Sea axiom. Mr. Gaggin's book is compact of grim realities—is such a tale as Othello whispered to the blanched cheek of Desdemona. Its general accuracy is above suspicion, and criticism has therefore nothing to say to its bluff and unassuming statements. We should add that the book is included in the "Overseas Library," a series which has our hearty admiration.

Other New Books.

BY MOOR AND FELL.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

Here we have a novelist elevating his favourite back-grounds into a separate theme. In *Richest of Withens* Mr. Sutcliffe has shown himself the novelist of the Yorkshire moors, boldly occupying the ground on which the Brontës wreaked their passion and their genius. Passion abides with Mr. Sutcliffe: he really knows, really loves, the forlorn moors and sunny dales of West Yorkshire. His book deserves a finer word than topography, shall we say it is topography of a fine order? We named the Brontës: Mr. Sutcliffe has a chapter on them and on their bleak Haworth. By the same token he is at issue with Charlotte Brontë and with Mrs. Humphry Ward about the sources of Emily Brontë's inspiration in *Wuthering Heights*. Mr. Sutcliffe pictures the shy Emily knocking boldly at the doors of moorland farmhouses, and making herself at home in their great kitchens; pictures her talking "like the upland folk who have given her welcome. . . . presently she will go to the far mistal, to have a look at the roan cow . . . she will be insatiably curious as to all farm implements . . . she will get into wordy conflict with the oldest farm hand." Mr. Sutcliffe says the Joseph of *Wuthering Heights* may be found in any low-lying farm among the moors. Thus he scouts Charlotte Brontë's idea, ratified by Mrs. Humphry Ward, that Emily "had scarcely more practical knowledge of the people round her than a nun has of the country folk who sometimes pass her convent gates." A pretty difference of opinion, involving the question whether we are to regard *Wuthering Heights* as a patient reproduction of Yorkshire moorland life by a keenly observant, yet imaginative, woman, or as a triumphant evocation of it by a woman of rare poetic and creative genius.

All this leaves unsaid needful words about this book, which no one who has truly loved one scrap of England can read unmoved. For here we have the language not of mere tourist description, but of yearning memory. The very stories which lighten the pages, like that of Jose Wark's bamboozling of the Army doctor, or the Bingley schoolmaster who saddled a stranger's mare in mistake for his own horse, are told, not for their effect as stories, nor for any Yankee symmetry or completed humour they possess: they are told for their slow revelation of character bred from the soil. Soil and sun and wind, and the human lives they have done so much to mould—these are

Mr. Sutcliffe's theme. How vast the starry night above the rocks of Ponden Kirk, how dolorous the rain-winds of November on Haworth Moor, how slowly in the summer heat the folk move about Rylstone village, how remotely under the moonlit fells throbs the dance of Burnstall Fair! Old squirearchical days, old Methodist days, old ghost stories—not yet out of the blood—Mr. Sutcliffe knows them all. In its small world and way, this is a true book. (Unwin.)

SHAKESPEARE'S MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

EDITED BY HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, M.A.

The merits of Mr. Furness's "New Variorum" Shakespeare do not, at this time of day, need preaching: it is enough to chronicle the welcome issue of yet another volume of the Comedies. Mr. Furness has, naturally enough, no revolutionary theories to propose about "Much Ado"; but his patient and laborious compilation of all the ore and much of the dross in what a hundred commentators have written on the play will save the brains and economise the time of many a student. His own critical divagations, moreover, are always learned, touched with humour, and on the side of sanity. He attempts to discover some traces of a "first state" of the play, and apologises: "This, of course, is pure conjecture—but does it herein differ from the majority of Shakespearean assertions?" He thinks that this "first state" was the "Benedicte and Betteris" played at court, according to Lord Treasurer Stanhope's accounts, in 1613. It is just possible, but on the whole it seems more likely that "Much Ado," like others of Shakespeare's plays, was known by more than one name. One does not see why a "first state" should continue to be played after the revision had taken place. The court of King James did not share the ideals of the Elizabethan Stage Society. In any case Mr. Furness will have nothing of Mr. Brae's theory that we are to look for a "first state" of "Much Ado" in the lost "Love's Labour Won" mentioned by Francis Meres. We think he is right. The name would fit any one of half a dozen comedies. The popular fancy is "All's Well that Ends Well": the claims of the "Tempest" and the "Taming of the Shrew" have been urged: Mr. Furness thinks, and so do we, that there is something to be said for "As You Like It." "But it is all guesswork, from which the guessers alone retire with intellectual benefit. However, 'the fox is worth nothing,' says Sydney Smith, 'it is the catching alone that is the sport.'" Mr. Furness tilts at a dictum of Coleridge, that Dogberry and his comrades are dragged into the play, "when any less ingeniously absurd watchmen and night constables would have answered the mere necessities of the action." On the contrary, Mr. Furness thinks that Shakespeare "was forced, by the necessities of the action, to have stupidity rule supreme at those points where he has given us the immortal Dogberry," and his analysis of the dramatic value of the watchmen scenes is a pretty enough page of criticism. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

NOTES FROM A DIARY,
1886-1888.

BY SIR M. E. GRANT-DUFF

Reviewing Sir Mounstuart Grant-Duff has come to resemble the child's pastime of threading chestnuts on a string; with this difference, that the child deals with chestnuts exclusively, whereas the most engaging of living diarists varies them with other kinds. When he records with appreciation that a poor wicket-keeper has been compared to the Ancient Mariner, in that "he stoppeth one of three," we have to sigh a little, because this was a joke which we have known for a lifetime; but then will come such a story as the following, to atone for it: "When Lord Ampthill was young he kept a collection of much-cherished serpents in a room which opened into his mother's. 'But don't you,' some one said to Lady William, 'find that very disagreeable?' 'Oh, yes,' she replied,

'very disagreeable indeed; but I like dear Odo to have home ties.'" We select several others. Thorwaldsen the sculptor said: "The clay is the life of the statue, the plaster is its death, the marble is its resurrection." On mentioning a trick that the Khedive had of saying continually, "Ceci et ça," someone told of an old country gentleman who similarly had a habit of saying, "Little dogs, little dogs," which he repeated incessantly, sometimes insulting those of his hearers who did not know him. Some one, in the time of the Russo-Turkish war, met Ruskin, and told him that Plevna had fallen. "Plevna?" said Ruskin; "I never heard of it. I know of nothing later than the fourteenth century." "Capital speech that of yours," said an M.P. to Lord Charles Beresford; "very good speech indeed; but you don't look like a statesman." "I daresay not; no more do you look like a weathercock." The diarist's discretion prevents us from doing more than guess at the weathercock's name; but everyone will do that. Lamartine was so fond of dust that he preferred always driving in the second carriage in order to enjoy it. An American paper once contained this announcement: "Mr. Browning has declined to furnish us with a poem in exchange for a thousand dollars. We find ourselves more unable than ever to understand Mr. Browning." Old Sir William Erle remarked to some one who offended him: "You don't know the strength of the expression which I am not using." Matthew Arnold wrote in a visitor's book in 1884:

Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one.

Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff cannot be said always to have elicited the utmost possible from the eminent persons whom he met. We find this entry in his diary for May 23, 1887: "I asked him [Bret Harte] what was the industry of Crefeld, where he had been consul. 'Silks and velvets,' he replied; 'in the production of these it comes second to Lyons.'" Whereas he might have talked about Yuba Bill, or told of one of the other occasions on which Mr. Brown's sarcasms had half cleared out the town! But these are very attractive volumes none the less. (Murray.)

Fiction.

Resurrection. By Leo Tolstoy.
(Henderson. 6s. net.)

In the summer of last year we dealt fully with Count Tolstoy's new novel as far as it had then gone in its serial publication. And now that the complete book has been published, and we have read it to the end, we realise that in choosing that time for our article we acted upon what was nothing short of an inspiration. For the melancholy truth has to be confessed that this novel, which began so finely and of which so much was expected, declines into something very little better than a tedious tract. At a certain stage the publication was interrupted while the author made up his mind how to go on—or, at least, that was the report. With the book before us, there is, alas! only too much reason to believe it; for though the story is now brought to at least one of its possible conclusions, it is without life, tenseness, enthusiasm, and, worse than all, it is diffuse and wayward.

Prince Nekhludoff, it will be remembered, years ago seduced his aunt's servant. He forgets the whole affair until, serving on a jury, he recognises the girl in the prostitute charged with poisoning a merchant. She is convicted and condemned to Siberia, and Nekhludoff first throws himself into the attempt to procure her acquittal, and afterwards determines to go to Siberia with her and marry her in order that her lot may be the lighter. To do this he gives up his old friends, his social ties, his property. That is the story of *Resurrection*, culminating in Nekhludoff's discovery that perfect peace of mind is his.

The trial, the seduction, the dealings with lawyers and officials, and the Prince's relations and friends are, as we said last summer, done wonderfully. The whole thing lives. But with the departure to Siberia the story flags, and apparently the author's power weakens. Life stories of other convicts are drawn across the trail, and the end, in which Maslova, the prostitute, declines to permit Nekhludoff to carry out his part of the expiation, is inconclusive. In fact, what began as a convincing and realistic drama of awakened conscience and convict life constructed by a great artist, terminates as if it were part of the heavy octavo of a zealous prison reformer. It is sincere and moving in a way; but, oh, the novel that is lost!

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE KISS OF ISIS.

BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR HAGGARD.

Captain Haggard, who is a brother of Mr. Rider Haggard, tells how a British officer came under the power of the Spirit of Evil (who had a face like a leper), and remained in bondage until he could be released by the kiss of Isis. He at last wins to the goddess, and behold! she is Ena Feilden, an heiress and his love. (Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.)

THE STRONG GOD CIRCUMSTANCE.

BY HELEN SHIPTON.

A serious novel. The hero, a clergyman, is unjustly suspected of fraud in coaching his pupils for examinations. He makes a good fight, and is loved by two women, one of whom sacrifices herself that he may be happy with the other. A novel above the ordinary level. (Methuen. 6s.)

A MAKER OF NATIONS.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

The maker of nations is Mr. Joseph Spielman, who pulls wires to perfection. But it is Dick Durrington, soldier of fortune, who is the central figure of this story. When we say that it opens in a gambling saloon in Cairo, and passes to a South American Republic in a state of war, students of Mr. Boothby will know enough. (Ward, Lock & Co. 5s.)

THE HARVESTERS.

BY J. S. FLETCHER.

This story is "truly rural," but it does not exclude tragedy. Love and poaching supply the chief interests. "Black Archer," the poacher, is not provided with the right vocabulary: a poacher would not speak of birds "outlined against the sky"; he would not speak of his "designs" when planning a night's sport; nor would he say to his son, "I have determined to shoot you if you persist in your stupid conduct." (John Long. 6s.)

WITHOUT THE LIMELIGHT.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

In his own way Mr. Sims is always effective. Here he shows us what theatrical life is behind the scenes: how, for instance, the fairy queen of a pantomime had to turn out of her sordid lodgings on Christmas night and sleep in a mourning coach, and breakfast in the midst of an undertaker's stock. The little good-hearted servant-maid, who asks everyone to excuse her vulgarity, is an amusing figure. There are twelve stories. (Chatto & Windus.)

MARCELLE OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

BY CHAS. HOLLAND.

In this story, Mr. Holland tries to do for the Latin Quarter of to-day what Henri Murger did for it fifty years ago. We are among artists and models, we sip absinthe on the Boule Miche. There is much café and studio talk like this: "If old Tissot illustrates the Apocrypha I should advise him to buy 'Le Bain de Suzanne' for a frontispiece." (Pearson. 6s.)

